The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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A HYMN OF TRUST.

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering,—Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us,—Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THOUGHTFULNESS.

"Come ye yourselves into a desert place, and rest awhile."—MARK vi. 31.

This is one of the many examples of the kindly thoughtfulness of Jesus—one of those touches of soft humanity which brings his life into the midst of all we know and love in home.

He and his disciples had been working hard. "Many were coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat." We often feel such a pressure of the world; the impatience not of work, but of a heart not able to compass it, or to fulfil it in the way we desire, till, overtaxed and dispirited, we call for rest. It was this weariness that fell on the Apostles. Christ, beholding them, saw it on their faces,—saw it because it was his habit to think of others,—and said, "Come ye into the wilderness and rest awhile."

This is, then, the thoughtfulness for others which comforts, redeems, and exalts the troubles of the world. A few touches of it, in that short record of a few months, show us that it filled the life of Christ. In his cordial call to Zacchæus to make haste and come down from the tree, that he might abide in his house, Christ shows us how he felt in himself the isolation of the man. He saw the eager look on the mothers' faces as they brought to him their children by the wayside, and he gave his blessing. In forgiving the woman who was a sinner, we realize that he felt, more intensely and completely than she herself could feel, the passion and the loneliness of her repentance. The saying on the cross to John and his mother represents a tender thoughtfulness in him which we perhaps most easily remember. All these instances, and more that I might cite, have at their root the habit of that thoughtfulness which in forgetfulness of self feels what others are feeling, and then acts so as to heal and comfort and inspire. This habit is my subject.

Education in thoughtfulness for others properly begins at home. The child well-trained in a happy household soon awakens to find the pleasure of thinking for others. The love given, the pain others have, the partaken joys, a hundred things of daily life, when the rule of the household represses apartness and strengthens communion, develop it in ourselves and our children; and we gain and keep the habit of watching to please, to comfort, to relieve, to bring joy, to find pleasure in giving pleasure, to be careful of what we say lest we should give pain.

But if such thoughtfulness remain only within the circle of home it is not enough, and in the end it tends to a kind of selfishness. The whole household becomes isolated from the world, and does not care either for social life or for the greater interests of mankind.

But all life ought to tend to the expansion of love, and when we get into the world among men and women, we find that the very essence of making and keeping friends is the exercise of the same spirit of thoughtfulness which we have learned at home. In all lives of business, of politics, of knowledge, the more we put ourselves in the place of others, the greater our power to help, nay, and it is a curious corollary, the greater our power to conquer those opposed to us. And in society—what is it that makes some people so liked, so harmonious? What is that air which issuing from them makes the house where they stay so pleasant? Why is the company so at ease, each person so pleased? It is that thoughtfulness for others, watchfulness for what others want, and prompt and unseen meeting of the wants, are in some heart among them. This is the secret of good manners. They also are a form of love. Think of others, forget yourself.

In that way also the habit grows; but it is still, in this progress from home to society,—and in society especially,—somewhat disturbed by self-interest. It is too much our interest in society to think of others, to permit the spiritual and perfect flower of love's thoughtfulness to reach its fulness.

At another stage of life, however, it is deepened, and we learn far better of what height and beauty it is capable. When we experience what deep and distinct love of one man or one woman means, we know, as we knew not before, the largeness and minuteness alike of thoughtfulness for another, and the beauty and joy of forgetfulness of self. Our thoughtfulness enters into the whole life of another; we lose ourselves in it. But here also selfishness is possible. This love may so encourage its first and natural isolation as to prevent those who have it from living usefully with their fellows in the world.

There is, then, one lesson we gain from all these failures. We must take the thoughtfulness we have learnt in home, in society, in personal love, into a region beyond them all—into the service of those who can give us nothing in return; into service for the sake alone of the beauty of service, into loving for love's sake only; into love which loves those who hate it. That is what Christ came to show us, and to reveal as the highest life; nay, it is what he did: he gave to all he met, of every class and type of human character, the same intense and loving thoughtfulness. He entered into their life, character, and future destiny, their pain, joy, and secret feeling more, far more profoundly, than we enter into the one whom we love as our very life. And he did this, not only for the people whom he met, but for the whole of mankind.

That was Christ's thoughtfulness: and in winning some of that wondrous and ideal love, we are passing on into spiritual thoughtfulness for others. When once we have realized thoughtfulness for others in this impersonal way, its spirituality acts back through all the other forms of it and redeems them from their selfish tendencies. We can no longer now shut ourselves up in the circle of home; we can no longer practise good manners merely for the sake of social success; we can no longer be thoughtful for others just for the sake of the power we gain; we can no longer be isolated by passionate love from mankind.

If we would keep this thoughtfulness for others alive, something of this kind, deeper and stronger than our weak hearts can easily attain, is surely needed, because there are many enemies that prevent its action and dull its animation. Of these two are special and seem distinct from one another. The first is laziness, the second is quick pleasure and impulse. As to laziness we want our ease, and it is a trouble to think for others' feelings, to be minute in watchfulness, to consider our speech or act. We let things drift, and we drift ourselves; and it does not matter to us, as we lie in the boat of life and float down the stream, how many are weeping on the bank.

Or it may be that we have too much life to think of others. Health, great joy, excitement, quick change of interest, prevent the watchfulness of love. There are those who, borne up by such things or yielding instantly to their sweeping wave, can think of no one but themselves, or of those who for the time are ministering to their pleasure.

Both laziness and impulse are enemies

of the beautiful and tender grace of thoughtfulness which enchants and brightens human life; and by the amount of consistent struggle you maintain against these foes, you may measure how far you are near to that spirit of Christ. There is no guard against them but Christ's—the habit of thinking for others from whom we expect no love in return, the daily consideration not only of our home and friends and society and of those we passionately love, but also of the world of men and women whom we know not,—nay, of those who repay us with ingratitude, hatred, and intolerance.

Finally, when this habit of thoughtfulness is gained, this slow, watchful, and loving way of seeing all that others need and are, all life with nature is made fairer by it, and all life with God more spiritual.

Once more we learn at last, in this fashion, the depths of religious life. We now transfer to our silent, personal relation to God all this thoughtfulness. There is now a constant watchfulness of thought within us towards him which influences all that multitudinous life we live in the solitude and silence of the heart; we are careful not to think or feel anything which may deny his character, clash with his righteousness, or doubt his lovingness. We get to feel towards God—in that inner life—as we have felt towards the one whom we most constantly, most minutely loved. Only the feeling is wholly hallowed, deeper in its eternity, solemn in its reverence, half of love and half of awe. It is true worship, the worship of spirit to spirit, of truth to truth. It is the last and highest reach of thoughtfulness when, in absolute loss of self through love, we dwell with God.—*Stopford Brooke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

It does not say the "faultless," the "perfect," or anything like this; but plainly it states "the pure in heart."

What do we mean when we sometimes say a man is good at heart? Do we mean that he has no faults? Far from it; it may just be that his faults are very apparent, and that we are able to see past these shortcomings and sympathize with him, as we see the real good that lies underneath. At heart he may be as good as any one of us, but he has "head tides and contrary winds" that we have never had to struggle against—hence failures and mistakes.

Now, my doubting, oft-discouraged friend, do you honestly, down in your heart, love God and regret the zigzag path you have made? When you find yourself looking upon some failure of yours, do you feel like poor old Peter who "went out and wept bitterly"? If so, I think you should take the promise of this text and hug it to your heart. And I think that somehow you will catch a vision that will make you see God in your own life and in the lives of others; and the presence of our Heavenly Father will become so sweet to you that you will draw more and more closely to him.—*I. D. Lytle.*

Go not, my soul, in search of Him,
  Thou wilt not find Him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
  Or heights of upper air.
For not in far-off realms of space
  The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
  And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
  And soul with soul hath kin:
The outward God he findeth not
  Who finds not God within.
And if the vision come to thee
  Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
  And with His glory shine!

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking *"Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, formerly at Blossburg, Pennsylvania, is now at Marietta, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania.

Effie E. Hall, formerly at Ashland, West Virginia, is now at Dodson, Virginia.

Dora White, formerly at Greensboro, North Carolina, is now at Glenwood, North Carolina.

Mary Howard, formerly at Polkton, North Carolina, is now Mrs. George Preslar and lives at Mesenheimer, North Carolina.

OFFERS.

Mrs. E. M. Bailey, Tewksbury, Mass., offers "History of the Nineteenth Century, Year by Year," in three volumes, by Edwin Emerian, Jr.

REQUESTS.

1. The *Literary Digest* is asked for by Miss Elsie Harrington, Swatara, Minnesota.

2. Mrs. J. G. Hartsoe, Bina, North Carolina, asks for "Across the Plains," "Literary Courtship," "Turn of the Road," and *The Cheerful Letter.*

3. Miss Grace Parker, Raphine, Virginia, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal.*

4. Mrs. Sidney Higginbotham, Sandidges, Virginia, Route 2, will be glad of magazines or any good reading; also *The Cheerful Letter.*

5. Mrs. C. D. and Grace M. Gilbert, Sandidges, Virginia, Box 34, are grateful for what they have received, and ask for *Ladies' Home Journal.*

6. Mrs. J. M. Debord, Grassy Creek, North Carolina, desires Bible pictures or story-books to interest little folks in her Sunday-school. She would also like "Pilgrim's Progress" or any good and helpful book.

7. Miss Florence Alley, Germanton, North Carolina, asks for "Our Boys and Girls," or any good books to read, also magazines.

8. Mrs. George Preslar, formerly Mary Howard of Polkton, is now at Mesenheimer, North Carolina, where she is housekeeping in a lonely place, and would appreciate a good book and scraps.

9. Mrs. Grover A. Jackson, 709 Lansing Avenue, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "I would greatly appreciate the *American Journal of Nursing*, to pass on to the nurses in the Prison Hospital, and after they read it, send it to nurses at the Tubercular Hospital. Thus you see the quality of mercy would be *thrice* blessed, 'blessing him that gives and him that takes' at three places, not to mention the number of individuals that would be helped."

10. I am a poor girl, am not very strong, and am all the girl at home. I get very lonely, as I am not strong enough to do any work out of the house, and my father is a poor man. Although he has worked hard he has had so much sickness in his family that he hasn't gained any of this world's goods and is not able to work very much now. I am awfully fond of good reading matter and of piecing quilts, as it helps me to pass off the hours and to forget my pain. I have been in bad health ever since I was about fourteen years old; I haven't gone to school since I was fourteen. I managed to complete the grammar school course by studying at home. I have always wanted good books to read, but my father wasn't able to afford them for me. I would be glad to receive any kind of good reading that would be educational, as I do want to learn all I can at home. I also like religious reading. I am trying to live a true Christian life, for that is what fits us for the life to come, where there will be no sickness. Miss May Howser, Athens, Tennessee, Route 6.

11. Mrs. R. L. Porter, Meigs, Georgia, asks for books or magazines; also postcards and picture-books for children.

12. Will some one please send me the *Youth's Companion*, *Needlecraft*, or any good magazine? I would also be glad of some pieces of gingham or calico for my quilt. I have changed my address from Ashland, West Virginia, to Dodson, Virginia. Miss Effie E. Hall.

13. I wish to tell you that I derive great comfort from *The Cheerful Letter* which is sent me, and to thank you for it. I should be extremely grateful if you would send me a copy of the Moody and Sankey song book with the song "Some time we'll understand." Mrs. J. K. Hilliard, Box 288, Westboro, Mass.

14. A Cheerful Letter friend sent me "Pollyanna," which I like so much I shall be grateful if some one can send me "Pollyanna Grown Up," or any other book for

girls. Miss Gladys Shearer, Farmer, Tennessee.

15. Will some one please send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1920? Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Unionville, Virginia.

16. I am a little girl of thirteen years and would like very much to be on the Cheerful Letter list. I live among the hills of Virginia and our opportunities for education are very limited. I would like to be remembered with suitable reading and pieces for my quilt. Will be thankful for any remembrance. Eva D. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

17. Miss Ornie Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 213, will be grateful for crochet thread and patchwork pieces.

18. Will some Cheerful Letter friend kindly send me her *Boston Cooking School Magazine* each month after she is through reading it? Thank you so much. Alice D. Whittle, Sunnyfields, Blackville, South Carolina.

19. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio, a helpless, bedfast invalid, is alone almost all the time. Please remember her with cards, letters, silk and wool pieces for comforts and fancy work, as this will help her pass her time away. Anything will be highly appreciated.

20. Miss Ethel Webb, Ironburg, Tennessee, asks for reading for her mother, who is ill.

21. I would like to receive *Good Housekeeping* and the *Delineator*. I will appreciate them very much indeed. Miss Viola V. Smith, Halifax, North Carolina.

22. Howard Ashley, Lansing, North Carolina, a boy of fourteen in the high school, will appreciate any good books or magazines.

23. I am a poor widow, eighty-two years old; have no home; only live with the neighbors. I can't read, so I am asking for any quilt pieces to work with to help pass the days. I send for reference Rev. W. E. Lackey, Elamsville, Virginia. Mrs. Susie Haynes, Elamsville, Virginia, care of Quince Hynes.

24. Mrs. Maud L. Walters, Athens, Texas, Route 1, Box 89, asks for a good book.

25. Mrs. J. H. Taylor, Elk City, Oklahoma, Box 125, would appreciate suitable reading for a boy of fifteen and a girl of eleven, and for herself a good-print Bible.

26. "Robinson Crusoe" is asked for by Irene L. Pendleton, Elamsville, Virginia, Route 1, Box 29.

27. Mrs. G. Howell, Warrensville, Ashe County, North Carolina, has seven boys, the oldest eleven years, and baby of fifteen months. She will be glad of cards, pictures, or anything suitable.

28. I am writing to thank the good friends for what they have sent me in the past; and I would be so glad if some one would send me the "Life of Saul." My address is changed from Greensboro, North Carolina, to Glenwood, North Carolina. I would be glad to exchange letters with any of the girls. Dora White.

29. I would highly appreciate some good books; I enjoy reading very much. Also music would be gratefully received. Mrs. Walter M. Patton, Lansing, North Carolina.

30. James Mathews, at Murtaugh, Idaho, "Would it be out of order for me to make a request in these columns to exchange views of the West for views of the East, also letters from the young people, as there are not many young people out here? We have some of the most beautiful scenery in the world here. And of course I would like views of historic New England."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TROUBLES WITH EAR AND BREATH.

The medical expert on the staff of the *Youth's Companion* gives us all these valuable points in regard to some of the common health problems often met in a large family:—

Earache is so painful that the person suffering from it thinks of little except the pain. The physician, however, is interested in it as a symptom. It may have various underlying causes. Although it is generally owing to the state of the ear itself, it may be what we call a sympathetic pain; that is, one caused by trouble not in the ear but in some other part of the body.

Earache may attack either the young or the old, but it oftenest attacks children. When babies are in acute pain the doctor should observe them closely until he discovers the seat of the pain. If the ear is at fault, the baby will scream or start when any one approaches it; or it may roll its head on the pillow or lift its hand to the ear.

In older children earache often means that the teeth need attention. It may mean that the child has adenoids, for a child with adenoids catches cold easily, and the cold may result in inflammation of the Eustachian tube.

If your child has persistent earache, you should call a specialist in ear diseases, for the pain caused by inflammation of the middle ear is relieved most quickly and permanently by a simple operation which not only gives relief to the sufferer but often prevents his becoming deaf in later life. The ear specialist is the only person competent to decide whether or not the operation should be made, and he is the only person who is competent to make it.

A healthy person's breath is without odor, unless he has been eating something like onions or strong cheese. A sick person's breath is often charged with certain volatile products that make it most disagreeable, but the odor is transient like the illness and disappears with it. If a person is suffering from some chronic trouble, however, the odor may be more or less permanent. The sufferer from bad breath may or may not be aware of it himself, in most cases he is not.

The causes of constant bad breath are numerous. The most common are bad teeth, catarrhal conditions of the nose or pharynx, indigestion, constipation, and certain diseases of the lungs and of the bronchial tubes.

The first type is perhaps the most common. The odor is like that of strong cheese and usually points to chronic nasal disease, in which crusts are formed and decompose, to disease of the antrum, in which the secretion accumulates in that cavity, and to neglect of cleanliness in the mouth. Bad breath of another type has the unpleasant but often remediable odor that disorders of the digestive tract cause. The person with that sort of bad breath can quickly sweeten it either by taking a laxative or by taking a little rhubarb and soda after his meals or even by taking care to chew his food more thoroughly.

Any one whose breath is persistently bad should consult a doctor, for it may mean the beginning of some constitutional affection that can be cured if taken in time.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Sailors who spend their lives on the sea, feeling the immense, mysterious strength of the ocean waves and the stormy winds, often feel rather more than landsmen the fascination of forces that cannot be seen with the eyes. A great many poetic legends have come to us from those who "go down to sea in ships, that do business in the great waters"; this story of a lost ship is one of the most famous. It is a very old story, and has been told many times in many different ways, but the general idea is like this:—

Long ago, in the times when Dutch shipmasters were almost the only ones who sent vessels from Europe to the Indian Ocean, a young man in Amsterdam had a chance to go out to the tropical island of Java in the employ of a great business firm. He had been a poor boy, with much hardship and very little pleasure; he had a good mind and was not afraid of work. In the course of years he advanced from one position to another, and he thought out new ways of increasing the business between Holland and the East Indies; he did his duty and ended by making a fine fortune for himself.

At last the time did come when he could say good-by to sunny Java and sail homewards to carry out his friendly plans. In those days there was no such thing as a steamship; all vessels going on long voyages had to depend on the wind to carry them along; great sails fastened to the tall masts received the push of the breezes, and a steersman or "man at the wheel" guided the vessel on her course. The ship on which the rich merchant engaged his passage had a good captain and a fine first mate, but the sailors were a bad lot,—taken only because no better men could be found at the appointed time. Too many of them were thievish adventurers who were knocking about the world with a black reputation wherever they had spent any time on shore.

It was while the rich merchant and his bags of gold were on board ship, nearing the Cape of Good Hope, that some one of the ship's evil crew overheard a confidential talk between this passenger and the captain, who was a good friend. The listener learned the great value of the passenger's bags and bundles. He told what he knew to some of the other sailors, and they longed to get their thievish hands on the gold. Nothing could be done so long as the honest captain was in charge; if robbery was their plan, they must steal the ship itself, and take possession of the whole. . . . That was a very serious crime. . . . But, after much deliberation, the men decided to do whatever was necessary and take their chances of having to suffer for it. They murdered the captain and the first mate; they threw the passenger overboard after the captain; they put to death the second mate and those few members of the crew who protested against such bloody deeds. And then they headed the vessel towards the nearest port where the gold could be spent in riotous dissipation.

They never reached that port. Disease broke out among the men of the wicked crew. It put them into a raging fever; they were crazy for water to drink, and, in their mad selfishness, they fought each other for a chance to drink from the barrels stored for use on the voyage. The barrels were overturned and broken; the precious water was lost. Some of the sufferers tried to drink salt water from the ocean around them, and that only increased their misery of thirst. They tried to steer the ship into a harbor where fresh water could be found on shore, but someway, somehow, winds always began to blow in the wrong direction, as they neared any shore, and they found themselves borne away from one haven after another. Sometimes thick fogs and mists settled down over the vessel, so that the man at the wheel lost his reckoning and took the ship out away from a harbor instead of bringing it safely to port. Again and again and again the same strange and terrible thing happened. *They never reached any port.*

It is said that, even now, men who go on sailing ships or steamships around the Cape of Good Hope sometimes meet a queer, old-fashioned, ghostly vessel in a bank of fog, or at night; it is never so the strange craft can be distinctly seen, but everything about it looks desperately dreary and forlorn; the sails are tattered and torn as if with years of wear; the men whose white faces show on the decks are ragged and haggard and very, very old, pitifully old. But, for some reason, it is never possible for anybody on another ship to help. The ghostly vessel disappears from sight; in another moment there is nothing whatever on the waves where the strange, old-fashioned vessel had seemed to be. And then sailors say to each other in horrified tones: "Look there! Did you see? That must have been *The Flying Dutchman!*"

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Sang to Chaumont.
2. Wrote Sonnets.
3. Tara's Muse.
4. Eulogized Sidney.
5. Saw Rome.

—*Selected.*

II.

STUNG GAME.

1. Sting that adapts.
2. Sting we observe in Lent.
3. Sting tea experts do.
4. A winter sport.
5. A sting that cooks your meats.

—*Selected.*

Answers to puzzle in July-August number.

11. Bird of Paradise. 12. Eagle. 13. Crane. 14. Peacock. 15. Dodo. 16. Hen. 17. Goose. 18. Lark. 19. Robin. 20. Cock.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Subscriptions to this paper (50 cents per year) should be sent to The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be payable to The Cheerful Letter Exchange.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

To fill the unusual demand for copies of The Cheerful Letter, *it will be greatly appreciated by the Committee if friends will do personal canvassing during the year and bring in a list of new subscriptions. Many of our correspondents feel that they can no longer afford to subscribe, but deplore the loss of the paper.*

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied. Apply to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Home Study Committee of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is planning for more efficient work.

Our aim is to help in subjects in which one is deficient; to help one fit himself for a higher grade of work.

We have books used in the schools here, which can be used for supplementary work in the schoolroom or in the home.

Make all applications for this department to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street New York City, or to All Souls Church Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.